

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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W. P. WALTON.

"STRONG TO ENDURE."

[Miss Bieland in Times-Democrat.]

I list a low, sweet calling night and day,  
Come hither, heart! Come swiftly down this  
way,  
Outreach and longing have their limit—  
end,  
And coldest sources to the sea's arms tend,

I list a low, sweet calling soon and late—  
Why waver, heart? Why heed the claims  
of fate—

Give clinging lips for wrested ones of woe  
And wreak the only being that we know!

To which my soul makes answer strong and  
clear,  
Unsuited love is closer heaven, dear!  
The fretted moth, bemocked of moon and  
star,  
Outwearth wings that fierce flame-sweeping  
ings mar.

The eyste snow amid air deserts drear,  
Scap' earthiest soil in her hard atmos-  
phere,  
Tho' cold and stern, is pure beyond com-  
pare,  
Loosing her snow to lay her boulder bare.

The heaviest lot that destiny ordains  
May through truth's beatrice force wear  
no heavy chains,

And in the gift of that divineness pure  
Learn nobler far than yield it to ensure.

DIVING AFTER CORAL.

**Swimming About in Stony Groves Far  
Below the Sea—The Coral Business.**

[New York Sun Interview.]

"Yes, the coral business is toable. At  
the schools and colleges take collections, if  
they can git 'em cheap enough, and we sell 'em  
heap to the seaside resorts. The country  
people think they come out of the water  
right along shore; it's all the same to them.  
The kinds I deal in is brain coral, branch  
pepper, leaf and rose-shaped coral. Flaming  
coral brings a big price. It floats after it  
is bleached, and pepper coral tastes  
like pepper after it's deal. Then  
we fetch sea fan, sea egg, shark's  
jaws, gull's eggs, hawkbill turtles  
and a little of everything. Corals sell by  
the piece from 25 cents to \$5."

"Yes, we see some curious sights, but we  
git used to it. We go to what they call the  
'Markays,' about forty miles off the west'ard  
of Key West. You can git coral any time  
but the summer's best; then there is lit-  
tle wind a-blowin', and you can see the bot-  
tom in forty foot. In the winter we use a  
boat with a glass bottom, so we can set  
drift along and look down through, and  
when we see anything git over for it.

"There's a dozen kinds of coral that  
are common, and mostly they grow apart  
and in certain places. What we call branch  
coral is found all over the flats, where there  
is sandy bottom, growing kind of low-like;  
but when it grows toward the edge of  
the channel the branches grow longer, and  
look like regular branches of a tree, and  
matted so thick that you can't see the bottom  
or get your flat in between 'em. Sometimes,  
when we want to git a fine piece of branch,  
we dive down into the channel, and I tell  
you, it's a fine sight. When you git down  
thirty foot, say, it's as light as day when  
there's a good sun right overhead, and there  
you are in front of a wall of these coral  
points, a solid front, all of a brownish or  
olive color. If you git way down to the  
bottom you'll see crawl-whips wavin' to  
and fro. They live under the coral, and on  
top and in between the black spots are big  
sea eggs, with spines six inches long. The  
coral is covered with fishes of all kinds—  
parrots, angols, yellow tails, and grunts.  
The fishes have a dozen or more colors, and  
one kind that I think beats 'em all is pure  
blue from head to foot. It's only about six  
inches long, and I never saw them away  
from the big heads.

"After practice you can stay down three  
or four minutes, and by swimming a long  
with your eyes open you can git a look at  
the lot, and then try and break off a branch  
with a boat-hook of iron. Sometimes we  
have to go down four or five times to git a  
piece; then, if it's big, put a rope around it,  
and haul it up. Most of the small coral can  
be picked up with a hook that looks like a  
pair of oyster-hooks, but it's apt to break it,  
so I generally go overboard when the coral  
ain't too thick. There's one place I know  
where for 100 acres it's so thick that there  
ain't a place to put your foot—one big field  
of branch coral. The big heads generally  
grow on the edge of a flat that's covered with  
grass, right near the edge of the channel,  
and I can take you to a spot where there's  
coral heads that are ten foot across and six  
high. Some of the big ones weigh over  
1,000 pounds. When they get big they often  
die away on top, and finally git hollowed  
out and look like big vases holding angel  
fishes, crawlfish, and a little of everything.  
You never see the big heads here, because  
vessels can't get near 'em, and a small boat  
wouldn't hold one. In water about twenty  
to twenty-five feet deep we git the best  
pieces, what they call sea coral. I git them  
by divin', as they're so small you can't see  
'em hardly. I've got bunches not bigger  
than your hand, and got \$10 for 'em. Pretty  
ain't no name for em!"

**A Successful Scheme.**

[New York Sun.]

"For a while after I was married din-  
ner used to be from five to ten minutes  
late," said an experienced husband, "but I  
soon remedied the matter."

"How did you accomplish it?" asked an-  
other husband, anxiously. "I'm having the  
same trouble."

"Easy enough. When my wife would  
come in and say, 'I'm sorry, dear, but dinner  
is a little late to-night,' I would reply,  
'Good! I have time to step around the  
corner and get a drink.' Try that plan; it's  
a good one."

**Another Panorama.**

(Chicago Herald.)

The Berlin painters, Bracht, Koch and  
Rochling, who executed the huge panorama  
of the battle of Sedan, have received a com-  
mission to paint the battle of Chattanooga on  
the same scale. The artists are to spend two  
months in Tennessee studying the theatre of  
the conflict, and then return to Berlin,  
where the picture is to be painted.

**Confucius:** The injury of prodigality  
leads to this, that he who will not economize  
will have to agonize.

Jud Lafagan: The man who feels certain  
that he is a grand failure, is in reality sal-  
dom mistaken.

## PURE "PINE-TOP."

AN EXPERIENCE WITH THE PECULIAR  
WHISKY OF THE SOUTHWEST.

A Native's Diagnosis of the Article—An  
Irresistible Desire for Sky-Rockets—  
Making the Village Red-Hot—A  
Monstrous Centipede.

[New York Sun.]

A gentleman who recently returned from  
the southwest gave a reporter the following  
graphic account of his experience in that  
region:

"We were twelve hours getting to Silver  
City. There was no city there, so we set  
out to find the silver. To get rid of this  
part of my story, I'll just say that the mine  
was there, but for some reason or other the  
silver had gone somewhere else. We monked around there for a day or two,  
and then we found that our commissary de-  
partment consisted of two or three empty  
flasks. Then, of course, we had to forage.  
I asked a native if we could get any whisky  
in the e-pats.

"'Wall, I reckon if ye can't git none  
'round bi-yar,' said he, 'th' th' han' no  
dog-gone use yer totin' yer jug anywhere  
else!'

"'It is gool!' said we.

"'Gool!' said the native. 'Gool! It's  
pine-top whisky, it is! Why, dog-gone it,  
it'll fire up like burnin' the hair off a dog.  
Two drunks of pine-top is better'n a gallon o'  
yer no-count greasy rye or Durbin. Is pine-  
top whisky gool? Wall, it's got more tooth  
nor a croat-cut saw!'

"This native, by the way, kept a saloon  
at Silver City. We told him we liked his  
diagnosis of pine-top whisky and would take  
a gallon. We did so, and we drank it by  
glasses. It left the dark brown taste in our  
mouths that you could see when we  
breathed. When we got back to Hot Springs,  
I can't answer for the feelings of the others,  
but I was seized with a wild desire to either  
get up a dog fight or set fire to a load of hay  
that stood in the street. I wasn't drunk,  
but the pine-top was working. When the  
train was ready, the steam escaped from the  
locomotive suggested to me that life would  
nevermore be a burden unless I had 100 or  
so sky-rockets to fire off there and then.

"Some old men I could get them at Malvern,  
and I boarded the train with my friends, and  
got off again three times to lick the con-  
ductor because he wouldn't start the train  
until his time was up. My desire for sky-  
rockets had awakened a similar desire for  
sky-rockets in the others, and we asked one  
another how we had ever managed to get  
along thus far without them. The train  
had hardly stopped at Malvern before we  
were out of it. A boy, innocent and unsus-  
pecting, stood with his mouth open, gazing  
at the train. Something said to me that  
this boy knew where there were sky-rockets  
gadore. I grabbed him by the arm and  
whirled him around and yelled:

"'Get me the sky-rockets, or I'll slice you  
up!'

"The boy was scared half to death. The  
rest of the party got hold of him and yelled  
for sky-rockets. The boy soon broke away  
and tore up the street like mad. We wore  
after him. He ran into a store and we fol-  
lowed him. Whether he led us there on  
purpose or merely ran in to escape us I don't  
know, but I do know that the storekeeper  
kept a little of everything, and had fifty  
sky rockets. We bought them all, and pro-  
ceeded at once to set them off. There is one  
street in Malvern, and it is built right up  
a hill. We set our sky rockets going plumb up  
that hill as fast as we could touch 'em off.  
When we commenced there were horses and  
wagons tied in front of every store in the  
street.

"F-s-s-s-h-h-h! Whiz! Bang! would go  
a rocket, and snap would go a halter strap  
or two, and in less than three minutes there  
was nothing to be seen in that town but run-  
away horses and mules. It was equal to a  
stampede of cattle on the plains. The more  
they ran the more we bombarded, until  
there was a stretch of fire going up that hill  
without a break in it from one end to the  
other. People were shouting and howling  
from window. Storekeepers came out and  
put up their shutters, and if ever  
there was a red-hot town it was  
Malvern about that time. The train we  
were to take was about due at the junction  
then, and the agent of the company, who  
knew me well, managed to get within speaking  
distance of me and make me understand  
that they were organizing a committee of  
citizens to take us in and ride us out of town  
in a way we didn't care to go, and we  
gathered up our remaining rockets and  
made for the depot. The train didn't come  
out when the committee came sweeping  
down to the depot. Then we fired rockets  
at them from windows and platforms, and  
left the town in a blaze of glory.

"After the rockets were gone I thought if  
there was one thing that would make me  
happy it would be to kill centipedes, and as  
there were none on the train I fully intended  
to get off at the next station and go  
back south somewhere and kill centipedes.  
I afterward changed my mind, and said I  
would return to St. Louis first, get my two  
dogs, and then go to Texas and spend a week  
or so at centipede hunting. When I got to  
St. Louis the pine-top was working off, for  
I hadn't had a drop for two days.  
Still the centipede idea was strong within  
me. I went to my room at the Lindell house  
and went to bed. As I lay there with the gas  
turned very low I saw one side of a sloping  
roof protrude itself through the window of  
my room. On the roof lay a centipede  
nearly two feet long—about four times the  
usual size. It was working its hundreds of  
hideous legs along, when suddenly it rolled  
from the roof and fell with a sound like a  
big sponge full of water on the floor in my  
room. Instantly my two dogs, a black-and-  
tan and a Skye terrier, tackled into the  
centipede. The centipede struck the black-  
and-tan one blow, and he keeled over like a  
tenpin on the floor, and began to swell until  
he looked like a toadfish with a dog's head.  
Then the centipede and the Skye had it out  
and heavy around that room, but the centi-  
pede was too much for the dog, and a minute  
or so he was swelling up, and he swelled up so much that he floated up to  
the ceiling, and went bobbing along against  
it like you've seen beetles on a summer  
night. After the dogs had been settled the  
centipede rose up on one end of himself and  
made straight for me. I didn't wait for  
him, but got out of that bed like a flash,  
and cut out of the room just as quick.

"It is probably needless to say that there  
was no centipede there at all. It was all  
pine-top whisky. I forgot how many doses  
of bromide and stuff they fixed me up with,  
but it took a good many. You can use your  
own judgment, but if ever you go down to  
Arkansas I'd go light on pine-top whisky  
if I were you."

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1885.

NO. 37.

## LAND, STOCK AND CROP

—Grass and Brier Scythes, T. R. Walton.  
—The crops are beginning to need rain  
badly.

—Winfield Roach bought of Mattingly  
& Simms 10 head of mules and horses at  
prices ranging from \$130 to \$140 per head  
—[Lebanon Standard.]

—The great Lorillard Stake for three-  
year-olds, worth to the winner between  
\$6,000 and \$8,000, was won at Mammoth  
Park Tuesday by Wanda.

—In Louisville, cattle are dull st 1½ to  
5½ scrub to best; hogs are active and firm  
at 3½ to 4½; sheep at 1½ to 3½ and lambs are  
in demand at 3 to 4½ cents.

—The German Dancing Club give one of  
their delightful impromptu hops Friday  
evening at the Old Fellow's Hall. Val-  
lunt's Italian Orchestra, of Louisville, will  
furnish the music for the occasion.

—Mis Abbie Folger, of Bryantville, is  
the guest of Mrs. W. A. Arnold. Miss  
Mary Annie Wilmore, of Jessamine, is  
the guest of Miss Mamie Olds. Miss  
Minnie Walker, of Paint Lick, is visiting here.

—At Thompson's jeweler house is seen  
one of those tasteful ornaments that are so  
fashionable with the ladies now-a-days.  
It is a lace pin in the shape of a lizard with  
its back studded with 15 first water dia-  
monds and with eyes of rubies. It is val-  
ued at \$385 and is one of the finest ever  
seen in Lancaster.

—Mr. Hiram Rothwell died Wednesday  
morning of liver troubles in the 39th year  
of his life. After the funeral at the family  
residence his remains were interred in the  
cemetery at Paint Lick Thursday morning.  
Deceased was for several years deputy  
sheriff in this county and a man more gen-  
erally beloved than he could not be found.

—A servant girl who permitted familiari-  
ties on the part of the gentlemen of the  
house, advertised for a place in Cincinnati  
and received 580 answers in two days—all  
from ladies.

Locust eating is becoming common at  
West Chester, Pa. In cooking them the  
wings and legs are removed and they are  
thrown in boiling water for a few minutes.  
They are then transferred to a frying pan  
of hot butter and cooked for about five  
minutes.

—In North Carolina, where the Legisla-  
ture recently appropriated \$30,000 for the  
benefit of disabled soldiers who had served  
in the confederate army, on the supposition  
that there would be about 1,000 applicants,  
each of whom would receive \$30, over 3,-  
000 applicants have already presented their  
claims, and it is thought that the whole  
number will reach 4,000. If this expectation  
is realized, each disabled veteran will  
receive the munificent sum of \$7.50.

—THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourne  
Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our life  
to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." For sale by Pen-  
ny.

WHEREAS, experience has pointed out the ne-  
cessity of amending the Constitution and the ne-  
cessity and expediency of calling a Convention for  
that purpose; therefore

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Com-  
monwealth of Kentucky:—

§ 1. That at the next General Election held for  
Representatives to the General Assembly, it shall be  
the duty of the several Sheriffs and other Offi-  
cials of the Commonwealth to inform the people  
of the people for calling a Convention to amend  
the Constitution, and make a return to the Secre-  
tary of State, for the time being, of the names of all  
those entitled to vote for Representatives for that  
Assembly.

§ 2. That it shall be the duty of the Officers of  
Electoral districts to provide for a regular voting.  
And if such voter shall answer in the affirmative  
to the question of voting for a Convention, and if  
such voter shall be qualified to vote, he shall be  
entitled to a ballot, and shall be directed to cast  
his ballot for the election of a Convention.

§ 3. That it shall be the duty of each Assessor of  
Assessors to keep a record of all voters, and in  
order to prevent any voter from voting twice,  
such Assessor shall be required to file a certificate  
of his record of all voters, and shall be liable to  
a fine of \$100 for each voter he certifies twice.

§ 4. That it shall be the duty of each Assessor of  
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§ 10

## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., July 10, 1885

W. P. WALTON.

GEN. GRANT in the preface of his forthcoming book says: "Man proposes and God disposes. There are but few important events in the affairs of men brought about their own choice. Although frequently urged by friends to write my memoirs, I had determined never to do so, nor to write anything for publication. At the age of nearly 62 I received an injury from a fall which confined me closely to the house, while it did not apparently affect my general health. Shortly after the rascality of a business partner developed itself by the announcement of a failure. This was followed soon after by universal depression of all securities, which seemed to threaten the extinction of a good part of the income still retained, and for which I am indebted to the kindly act of friends. At this juncture the editor of the Century Magazine asked me to write a few articles for him. I consented for the money it gave me, at that moment I was living upon borrowed money. The work I found congenial, and I determined to continue it. The event is an important one for me, for good or bad; I hope for the former." He says he has sought to do justice to all and the comments he makes are in accordance with how he saw the matters treated of. The book will have the largest sale of any offered to the public for many years.

The appointment of E. F. Noyes, of Ohio, as one of the government directors of the Union Pacific railway is characterized by the New York Sun as an outrage and a humiliation. The name of this man is inseparably connected with the crime that deprived the democratic party of the fruits of its victory at the polls in 1876. None of the republican conspirators in that year of shame was more actively engaged in the intrigues that for the first time in the history of our institutions defrauded the voters of their choice for President. There is not half a dozen republican politicians in the country—hardly J. Madison Wells himself—who nomination to an honorable office by a democratic administration would involve a more flagrant violation of propriety, of justice, of self-respect, and even of decency.

An exchange observes that the change which has taken place during the last two or three years in regard to whipping as a public punishment is very remarkable. A few years ago the state of Delaware was alone in practicing this mode of correction; but first England returned to it and next Maryland; and now there is a strong movement for the adoption in Virginia. It is also probable that a whipping-post law will be one of the enactments of our next Legislature. The people all over the State are awaking to the importance of such a preventive of crime and if the bill, which is sure to be presented next winter fails of passage it will be because the legislators are afraid to do their plain duty.

ALL THE ventures and enterprises of ex-Gov. Underwood seem to prove financial failures. His paper at Bowling Green lost him money, while he and those who went with him to establish a truly democratic daily in Cincinnati got left to the tune of many thousand dollars. His latest venture of a National Military Encampment at Philadelphia was a flat failure, the management having to dance to the tune of \$30,000 lost. Gov. Underwood is a man of undiminished energy, but some how or other he never seems to be the man for the occasion.

We do not believe Jas. W. Tate, the democratic nominee for State Treasurer, will lose a dozen votes because he was declared the candidate of the party by the committee instead of by a convention. With but one aspirant in the field nobody would have cared to go to the convention, had it been called, and a few bosses would have met and named the nominee with less expression from the people than by a representative from each Congressional district in the State.

C. M. MEACHAM, editor of the Hopkinsville *South Kentuckian*, has favored us with a neatly printed copy of a 25 page pamphlet that he has published in which a record of the hangings in Carterian county from its formation and especially that of the Jordon Taylor, recently dropped with a "dull thud" is given. Cuts of Taylor and the sheriff who worked him off adorn the book.

A NEW YORK paper says the first edition of Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland's "Thoughts" was snipped up as soon as the public was given a chance to buy. A new edition was started at once, and it is expected that the public will dispose of at least one hundred thousand copies. This may be regarded as another evidence of the popularity of the administration.

The news comes that Judge Durham, First Controller of the Treasury, has decided to re-open Col. Robt. H. Crittenden's accounts as marshal of Kentucky. It is evident that he has reason to believe that such crookedness exists in them.

JUDGE SAM M. BOONE, who made the Somerset Telegraph such a sprightly paper, has retired from its editorship to be succeeded by Mr. J. S. Rucker who will hereafter own and run the paper.

It is rumored that John Kelly is to issue a sort of farewell address, in which he will give his views on civil service reform, taking the point that the act is unconstitutional, interfering with the powers of the President.

The editors of the Louisville *Times* have started a subscription for the purpose of defraying the expense of river excursions for poor children. It is proposed to make two afternoon trips on one of the large ferry-boats each week. They head a subscription list with \$25 and the fund grows daily. The movement is a most commendable one and shows that the hearts of the two gentlemen are in the right place if any evidence of so patent a fact is necessary. By the way we observe that their yearling has pranced to the front over its older competitors and now has a bona-fide circulation of 9,214 in Louisville, which is more by 2,000 than either the *Courier Journal* or *Post*. This is but its just deserts, however, for it is the best paper ever published in the city.

### NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Barmore's boat building establishment at Jeffersonville burned. Loss \$50,000.

Ten divorces were granted in one day by the Louisville Chancery court this week.

Seven hundred postal clerks have been appointed to date. There are 4,400 in the service.

Only 15,448 persons registered in Louisville, not much over half the voting population.

Company A, of the Louisville Legion, won the \$600 prize at the Philadelphia military drill.

J. H. McConnell has been appointed postmaster at Catlettsburg and T. N. Goodnight at Franklin.

A Kansas mob, Cherokee county, hung a negro rasher Monday night from the rafters of an unfinished house.

The arms works of E. Remington & Sons, at Ilion, N. Y., were damaged to the amount of \$25,000 by fire Tuesday.

The returns from the cholera-infected districts in Spain place the total number of new cases at 1,522, and the number of deaths at 738.

George C. Buchanan, of the Louisville firm, has married the noted prostitute, Kitty Preston, and left for greener fields.

A Port Jervis, N. Y., telegram says that on Sunday evening hail stones the size of hickory-nuts fell in that vicinity to the depth of a foot.

Two men, nine trotting horses and the stables and carriages of James Vanette, near Janesville, Wis., were burned Monday night. Loss \$18,000.

It will require one thousand tons of book paper to print the first edition of Gen. Grant's book. They have booked orders so far for 300,000 copies.

Near Paducah, Bill Hedge, maliciously and without provocation shot and dangerously wounded Capt. Linah Cobb, clerk of the steamer Gus Fowler.

C. J. Walton, republican candidate for the Senate from the district composed of the counties of Hart, Green and Larue, has withdrawn from the race.

Judge Morgan overruled the motion for a new trial in the Masskin Chicago election case and sentenced the prisoner to five years in the Joliet penitentiary.

Sheriff Deatherage sold Sol. Williams, colored, into servitude on Monday. The city of Richmond became the purchaser at \$1.50 for six months' labor.—[Richmond Herald.]

The Kentucky press is nearly unanimous in favor of setting up the whipping-post. We know of but two or three newspapers that oppose the proposition.—[Covington Commonwealth.]

Mrs. Lewis Steel, at Ilion, N. Y., dressed herself in her finest clothes, arranged her hair in the most fashionable and becoming manner, wreathed her face in smiles and then shot her brains out.

The actual cost of what are usually sold as five cent cigars at retail is thus stated by one who claims to be informed on the subject. Actual cost of tobacco (namely what the tobacco raiser gets for it) for 1,000 cigars, \$2; cigar boxes, \$1; wages for 1,000, \$8; packing, \$1; stripping, 50 cents; total cost of production, \$12.50, or 12 cents a cigar.

Judge R. H. Thompson caused a sensation in the Louisville court Wednesday by committing Richard Baché, a prominent local politician, to jail for six hours for having intimated to the judge that he would use political influence against him if he did not deal leniently with a certain offender then on trial. The fine is the severest permitted by the law covering such cases.

The following is the new regulation in regard to the redemption of mutilated United States notes: United States notes, each exceeding nine-tenths of its original proportions in one piece are redeemable at their full face value in other United States notes by the Treasurer and the several Assistant Treasurers of the United States, and are redeemable in coin, in sum not less than five dollars, by the Assistant Treasurer in New York.

The United States Court which convened at Ft. Smith yesterday is the biggest criminal court in this country, its jurisdiction extending over 62,000 miles of territory, inhabited by criminals of all colors and classes. There are 197 cases on the docket, and 129 murderers awaiting trial. Among the witnesses are 400 Indians. The principal industry of Ft. Smith is hanging the whites, Indians, Mexicans, and Chinese convicted by this court.—[Louisville Times.]

A Wyoming judge passed sentence of death upon a condemned murderer in this wise. "I am by no means satisfied with the evidence in the case and am not sure whether you killed John Forbes or whether he died by visitation of God, but my sentence is that you be hanged on the third Friday of July; and should you know of your own innocence you will have the comforting thought that it is doubted by some of the wisest thinkers of the age whether life is in any circumstances worth living."

It is rumored that John Kelly is to issue a sort of farewell address, in which he will give his views on civil service reform, taking the point that the act is unconstitutional, interfering with the powers of the President.

Mrs. Faenie A. Hill: This lady improved rapidly and gained 35 pounds in five weeks on a former visit.

Mrs. M. A. Lackey: Improved rapidly and thinks it the finest spring in the world.

Improved rapidly and are as lively as

## GEO. O. BARNES.

Urge His Friends in America to Write to Him.

### ALWAYS PRAISING THE LORD.

"PROSPECT POINT," LANDOUR, N. INDIA, May 30th, 1885.

DEAR INTERIOR.—N. W. P. means "North West Provinces." This is one of the presidencies of this great empire as a Governor-General controls the whole, so Madras, Bengal, Bombay, N. W. P., and the Punjab are ruled by Lieut. Governors. These "Presidencies" are divided into districts, each having its Commissioner; and these are still subdivided into sections, governed by deputy Commissioners. Where still minor ramifications exist, Extra Assistant Commissioners are called in; though these last are uncovenanted servants of the government; and are a sort of non-commissioned department. I believe the office was created to utilize the services of the Eurasian element of Indian population. An Eurasian is one who has more or less European blood. Of such there are many hundreds of thousands now, if indeed the number does not run up into the millions. This class forms a sort of loose link between the English race and the native population, though like Manomet's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth, they belong to neither. They are not on a social equality with the English, they hold themselves far above the natives, and so they are thrown in the main upon themselves for social privilege. Their position is one of most unmerited, but unavoidable hardship; analogous to the condition of one with the least suspicion of "dark blood" in our own America.

The thing seems to be for enlightenment, education, progress—even Christianity—and will only be righted in the millennium. The Government does what it can, recognizing the cruel caste distinction that it cannot annihilate—by creating special offices to skim the cream of the intelligence, education and administrative capacity that exists in very large degree among this "mixed multitude."

Coming back to governmental employment—below the extra assistant Commissioner come the minute sub-sub-divisions of native delegated authority, that utilize capacity and worth among the Hindus and Mussulmen. These officials correspond to lesser governmental employees in our own country and rejoice in the titles of Tuheedars, Thandasars, Kotwals, down to Chuprassies, &c., &c., almost ad infinitum.

But I will bore you with these governmental items, mention of which grew out of my attempt to tell you what N. W. P. in our present address means.

The P. O. Department is so persistent and indefatigable that almost any address will find us and loss of letter or paper is extremely rare. I never cease to admire the almost perfect postal system of the British Empire to its remotest dependency. Still one may as well be exact and give the officials in charge of it as little trouble as possible. Our mails are coming with delightful regularity now, every Thursday, to be answered by the post that goes out every succeeding Saturday, a most convenient arrangement.

I may gently suggest to our friends that the time is now opportune for testifying any little appreciation they may have of these regular letters of mine, by sitting down, pen in hand, to write a few answers that will be greatly valued in this far off land. Postages are very light, and the burden of a ten cent stamp (perhaps less will do, ask your postmaster) will not oppress any. You don't know how much good you and I may do by a few words of love and kindness.

Our dear Bro. Woodsides, from Futenburgh, paid us a flying visit of 2 days, to be present at the laying of the corner stone of Bro. Osborne's new chapel at Museoore, which came off last Wednesday. Dear Woodsides! Friend, tried and true, of 30 years! One of the only two who gave us a hand of welcome on our return to India, when so many turned the "cold shoulder."

The same dear, warm-hearted man we knew of old; a little stouter, very much grayer, but still erect and vigorous. May he live a score more years to bless India with his loving presence and abundant labors. I know no man who can scatter more sunshine as he goes along than dear Woodsides. But he was of like a meteor, after two days, to his work upon the blazing plains, leaving us the promise of return, however, in August. Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

### DРИППИНГ СПРІНГС.

[To the Editor of The Interior Journal.]

After spending several weeks at Dripping Springs this season we pronounce it one of the most desirable watering places in every way that we have ever visited and especially for those seeking rest, comfort and good eating:

Mrs. Dr. Lee F. Huffman was in very bad health, improved rapidly and felt like a girl when she left.

Was worked down and in bad health, general health greatly improved. Rev. W. I. Fowle.

Dyspepsia, could not eat. Eat all I want now. H. T. Logan.

Do. Gained 5½ pounds first week and feel like a school boy. J. S. Robinson.

Col. J. H. Bruce. Impoverished blood, improving rapidly.

Family all improved from day of arrival.

Al. J. B. McKinney.

Mrs. Faenie A. Hill: This lady improved rapidly and gained 35 pounds in five weeks on a former visit.

Mrs. M. A. Lackey: Improved rapidly and thinks it the finest spring in the world.

Improved rapidly and are as lively as

crickets: Misses Mildred Lewis, Fannie P. Hill, Mary Robinson, Fannie West, Jennie B. McKinney, Mrs. E. P. Owsley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hays: Mr. Hays had been in bad health for a long time, paid as much \$1,000 for doctor's bills and did not eat anything when he arrived but soft boiled eggs; discarded all medicines and now eats as much as any one here.

There have already been nearly 1,000 persons registered here this season.

D. G. SLAUGHTER, Prop.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

ITCH cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by Penny & McAlister, Druggists, Stanford; also by M. C. & D. N. Williams, Mt. Vernon.

### N.O. 2917.

### REPORT OF THE CONDITION

#### OF THE

National Bank of Hustonville,  
In the State of Kentucky, at the close of  
business July 1, 1885.

#### RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts.....	\$79,687.65
Overdrafts.....	1,618.12
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....	20,000.00
Due from approved reserve agents.....	1,363.24
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages.....	1,663.81
Real Estate, Furniture and fixtures.....	1,510.84
Current expenses and taxes paid.....	40
Checks and other cash items.....	4,148.40
Bills of other Banks.....	639.60
Specie.....	8,639.40
Legal tender notes.....	1,900.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation).....	900.00
Total.....	\$113,487.64

#### LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in.....	\$50,000.00
Surplus Fund.....	3,010.41
Undivided profits.....	260,000.00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages.....	37,699.60
Due from approved reserve agents.....	1,074.60
Due from other National Banks.....	4,139.27
Due from State Banks and Bankers.....	632.49
Real Estate, furniture and fixtures.....	8,950.00
Current expenses and taxes paid.....	42.18
Premiums paid.....	21,807.53
Checks and other cash items.....	369.42
Bills of other banks.....	1,325.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies.....	120.74
Specie.....	6,145.70

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., July 10, 1885

## L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North.....	1230 P. M.
" " South.....	1:40 P. M.
Express train " South.....	1:32 A. M.
" " North.....	2:05 A. M.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

## LOCAL NOTICES.

FRESH Candies always at T. R. Walton's. Buy your school books from Penny & McAlister.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

Buy the Haas Hog Remedy, the original and only genuine, from Penny & McAlister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watches a specialty. Penny & McAlister.

FARMERS READ THIS.—Go to Dr. M. L. Bourne's drug store and get one package of Sam A. Clark's Hog Remedy. If you are not satisfied after using it your money will be refunded.

## PERSONAL.

Mrs. WILLIAM BURTON is staying at Dripping Springs.

Mrs. S. W. GIVENS has gone to spend a week at Dripping Springs.

MISS KATE POWELL, of Hustonville, is with Miss Bille Bourne.

MISS MOLLIE JOHNSTON, of Lancaster, has been visiting Miss Ellen Warren.

Mrs. W. S. MYERS is back on a visit to old friends here after an absence of a year.

MISS BETTIE A. FRITH returned to Brodhead yesterday, taking with her Miss Ells Dunn, of Bryantsville.

Mrs. W. H. ANDERSON and children returned to Harper, Kansas, yesterday from a month's visit to their parents here.

MISSES SALLIE RAY and Minnie Blackman, who have been visiting Mrs. J. B. Vanardall, have returned home.

Mrs. JAMES M. COOK, of Hustonville, went up to Richmond Wednesday to assist a friend in getting a position in the revenue department.

MISS SALLIE VANDEVEER and Emma Saufley, accompanied by Messrs. T. P. Hill, Jr. and Masterson Peyton went up to Dripping Springs yesterday.

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HITE'S HEAT FENDER is endorsed as follows by the local physicians: "We have seen Mr. Hite's Heat Fender, recently introduced here, in practical operation, and we take pleasure in stating to the people of this county that it is the greatest invention for the preservation of health of women in warm weather that has ever been devised. Women sweltering over hot cook stoves is the cause of more than half the sickness in our practice in hot weather. The fender completely and effectively saves them from this trying ordeal to their health. G. W. Bronaugh, J. G. Carpenter, W. M. Doore, J. D. Pettus, J. F. Peyton, Hugh Reid.

AMONG the applicants for the College here is a man at Westchester, N. Y., who evidently believes that if he comes to Kentucky it is necessary that he shall be able to cope physically with the outlaws, which he evidently thinks abound in this locality, for he says in his letter: "I am six feet tall, weigh 220 pounds and am of commanding appearance, being compact and well-proportioned." In regard to his state of life he says: "I am unmarried, but expect to change that this fall, so there is not much danger of an elopement." And we may add that there is not much danger that this fellow will get the chance to do so with anybody in this section.

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THE Somerset Telegraph says: "The Stanford Gun Club is composed of nice gentlemen as can be found in the universe, but when they tackle the Somerset Gun Club they must remember that they are shooters from away back, and because they live where the chinquapin and huckleberry flourish they are not to be grinned at."

Since our report of the Shooting Tournament we have learned that the score shows that next to Mr. John H. Waddle, who got 51 out of 61 birds, Mr. R. G. Evans carried the honors of the day, only falling behind him one shot, his score standing 50 out of 61. Mr. Evans is a very graceful shot and something is wrong when he lets a bird get away from him.

It is stated that there is considerable probability that the republicans will nominate Col. J. W. Weatherford for the Legislature, in which event it is predicted by many that he will be elected by a handsome majority over Mr. Bobbitt. Colonel Weatherford is a very excellent gentleman and has the respect and confidence of his acquaintances irrespective of party associations.

THE K. C. will run an excursion from Rowland next Sunday leaving at 5 A. M. and reaching Cincinnati at 10:30 at \$2 for the round trip from all stations south of Richmond. A grand concert at the Zoological Garden, military concerts at the Hill Top resorts and a base ball contest between the Cincinnati and Athletics of Philadelphia are among the attractions. Returning the train will leave at 7 P. M.

The appointment of Mr. Wallace E. Varnon to be deputy collector of the re-districted district of Wayne, Pulaski and Lincoln counties with office at Stanford, gives much satisfaction here. The pay is \$1,200 per year and the duties of the office are not such as will compel Mr. Varnon to give up his law practice. He is a capable and clever gentleman and will fill the office creditably to himself and to his superior in command. It is understood that Mr. D. Baldwin will receive a similar appointment.

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SEVERE FALL.—Hon. John Sam Owles fell down a long flight of stairs at his home yesterday and was painfully hurt about the shoulders. We hope, however, that he is not seriously injured.

A CONSIDERABLE excitement was caused on the street yesterday afternoon by a fight between L. M. Lasley and W. M. Catron. It seems that Catron was drinking and wanted Lasley to go downtown with him and when he refused, drew a knife on him. Lasley thereupon knocked him down with a stick inflicting an ugly scalp wound, and claims that he only acted in self-defense. Catron alarmed the whole town afterwards in his noisy efforts to break away from his friends and fight.

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# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

## IN THE EVERGLADES.

ROUGHING IT IN THE SWAMPS OF FLORIDA.

A Trip to the Ochichobee Country and Some Facts About Reclaimed Land  
—Dredging the Swamps and Building Canals.

(Cor. Inter Ocean.)

Three of us arranged for a trip down the Kissimmee valley into the Okechobee country. We secured the little end-wheel steamer, Rosalie, one of a fleet of five or six small craft that ply these inland waters in obedience to passenger or freight demand. I may say that the passenger demand has not amounted to much as yet, for the facilities are exceedingly limited, and the dredges can only be passed once a day. The trip only possessed added attractions to our little party of two gentlemen and one lady because of the small experience in "roughing it" which it would involve.

The boat was one used in conveying supplies to the dredges of the Okechobee Land company, and consequently had no cabin. There was a room below where six or eight persons could eat comfortably, but the deck above was quite open.

We started from this enterprising town, and first made the trip across Lake Tobopakaliga with but one stop—a distance of fifteen miles. The stop was made at Pias island, the handsome reclaimed property of Capt. Rose. Capt. Rose was the pioneer in most of the arduous labors connected with the inception of the vast drainage operation undertaken by the Okechobee company.

As we headed toward the foot of the lake and pushed off again, the captain pointed to the east and said:

"Yonder is the mouth of the canal which leads into Lake East Tobopakaliga, a sheet of water extending over an area of twenty-one square miles, and only drained, prior to the building of the canal, by sewage through intervening saw-grass. The canal is a little over three miles long, and has a fall of over six feet. When the canal was completed the current was so furiously rapid that a dam had to be built. The lake was lowered nearly seven feet. I am now tearing away the dam, as the current has spent itself, in order that a steamer may be enabled to ply daily between Kissimmee City and Narcoosee, the thriving English colony on Lake East Tobopakaliga."

I shall not worry the reader with statistics, but find it impossible to proceed without giving the briefest possible résumé of the work already done in the way of draining and redeeming the terra incognita between this city and Cape Sable.

The company was chartered in 1881, and has a concession for reclaiming 8,000,000 acres of land in the southern half of the peninsula, with the right and title to half of the land thus reclaimed. The first surveys were made in 1882 in the country west of Lake Hiccupoochee, with reference to a drainage canal extending from Lake Okechobee to the head waters of the Caloosahatchie river, extending through Lake Hiccupoochee and Lake Flirt. A dredge came up the Caloosahatchie to Lake Flirt, and then cut its way through an immense growth of low grass on Lake Okechobee, excavating twenty-two miles of canal that is six feet deep by forty-four wide. The canal is now being widened to 200 feet and deepened to ten feet.

The canal has already lowered Lake Okechobee three feet. Considering that the superficial area is something like 1,000 square miles, this reduction is a significant one.

After a charming ride of nearly three hours over Lake Tobopakaliga, we entered the jetties that have been built from the mouth of the canal at South Port out into the lake.

South Port is simply the name applied to the place, where a sugar farm, belonging to the Okechobee company, is located. There are half a dozen houses occupied by the operatives, and some of the families of men engaged in working on dredges a few miles down the "valley" but no postoffice. We went ashore here and had a chance to see what this redeemed land is capable of doing. Here we were, tripping along the bank on ground which was covered in from two to three feet of water but two years ago. Was this Florida? There was no sand visible. The ground appeared instead to be a rich, black loam. I approached the banks of the canal, and saw from the cut that this was not a thin crust of surface mud, but a stratum at least eight feet thick on the average. There was a small sugar mill in operation, and a shell near by where the cane juice was being boiled down into syrup, instead of being made into sugar, as the present state of the market favors the manufacture of syrup rather than sugar.

Near by were patches of cane from twelve to fifteen feet in height, of perfect stand, and an average diameter of very nearly two inches. Evidently this cane should have been cut weeks before, as it was already badly choked with an undergrowth of rat-tail. I noticed that the cane was finely tasseled like the cane grown in Cuba.

"When was this canal put through?" I inquired of a bystander who seemed to be in authority. "Just about two years ago," was the response. "A little over a year ago the work of clearing the land was begun, and a few weeks later the cane was planted. For breaking the land a team of two ordinary mules was used; for cultivating, one mule. The season was very unpropitious, the spring being dry and the fall extremely wet; but the yield is, as you see, enormous."

"You didn't use any fertilizer upon such a rich-looking mud?"

"None at all. From one-twentieth of an acre here we cut 800 stalks of cane, from which we expressed 200 gallons of juice, an average of one quart per stalk. Many stalks would yield two quarts of juice. Thirty-five gallons of syrup were made from the juice. This would be equivalent to raising 10,000 stalks per acre, containing 4,000 gallons of juice, and yielding 700 gallons of syrup. This showing would have been 20 per cent. better had we possessed first-class apparatus."

"Is there much such reclaimed land as this?" I asked.

"Thousands of acres all the way from here to Punta Rassa. Of course, there is some hopeless swamp scattered along, but it is fair to say that agriculturally this will be the garden of the state down here a few years hence."

"How long is this canal?"

"Three miles and three-quarters. At this end it is ten feet deep by seventy wide. Down yonder you can see dredge No. 3 at work enlarging it. Beyond the dredge the depth is only six feet and the width thirty-six."

After inspecting potato and other crops that were similarly rank we boarded the Rosalie and began the trip through the canal to Lake Cypress. When we reached the dredge our whistle sounded, and in response the stays by which the dredge maintained its position on the east side were folded back so as to allow us to pass.

## PATTI'S FIRST STAGE DRESS.

Made Thirty-Four Years Ago by a Lady in New York and the Bill Forgotten.

[New York World.]

When Adelina Patti was a child she often sat on the lap of Mme. Lauza, who now lives on Third avenue. "She is her mother's image," said Mme. Lauza to reporter the other day, "and has many of her ways. The diva was born at Madrid and is 42 years old this summer. I knew the whole family intimately when they came to reside at Milan. Mme. Barelli, the mother of the great singer, had been married before and had four children, two of whom are still living. Her relation with her first husband was said to be very unhappy, but that was before I knew them. The little woman was of a very intense nature, all fire and flame, yet not without her gentler moods, when she was very charming and loveable. As a child Adelina was extremely like the mother, could give way to sudden bursts of passion, which were as quickly over, though not apparently regretted, and then she would become most affectionate and show a sweetness of disposition which it is a joy to me yet to remember."

"Who was her first teacher?"

"That child was born to sing, and she could not have made her life different had she tried. She needed few lessons, singing as naturally as a nightingale between the pauses of the wind. Her half-brother, E. Barelli, who I think, is still living in Philadelphia, gave her the few lessons she needed. It was a light and pleasant task for both teacher and pupil. Musical knowledge seemed to come to her without any effort of her own and like a bird she did her work unaided.

When she was 7 years old we came to this country about the same time and remained our acquaintance in this city. I did swing and was sometimes engaged by Mme. Barelli to fix over her dresses and make new ones for the children—Carlotta, Amalia, Adelina and another that died very young.

"Adelina made her first appearance on stage when she was 8 years of age, and it was in this city. I cannot recall where she sang, but I know it was at a concert. That was thirty-four years ago. Well, her mother wanted me to make the dress which she was to wear, and I did. It was of white silk, very pretty, with a few trimmings, and set her round little figure well. I shall never forget the day I took it to her and the dress was especially bad and I was the hateful old thing in the world. She cried with vexation, the sweet little rebel, because it did not fit her as she thought, and was what is called 'poky.' We tried to convince her that it was lovely and couldn't be made better. It was no use. She tore it off, hung it on the floor and jumped on it with a childish anger that was laughable. But she had to wear it all the same. She sang in it and made a hit. The price of that dress was \$37. I called with the bill a couple of times, but was not paid. I have that bill yet, though it is thirty-four years since I gave up trying to collect it. Patti has forgotten about the dress her mother ordered and it will never be paid for. The memory that I made it for such a singer is enough for me."

The woman went out of doors again, repeating the answer over to herself. Meeting a well-dressed lady on the street she rushed up to her and, with tears streaming down her cheeks, begged her to buy the baby for \$4. The lady was surprised, but made an attempt to lift aside the shawl and look into the child's face. As though frightened at what she had done, and fearful that her little one was really to be taken from her, the Polish mother uttered a cry of despair and hurried back again to the Garden. After sitting around for awhile she suddenly sprang on one of the benches and screamed out:

"Who buy for \$4?"

The woman acted as though she were out of her head. Her hair and dress were disheveled and her eyes were unnaturally bright.

"Give you fifty cents!" shouted one immigrant.

"A plug of tobacco," yelled another.

For five minutes the immigrants offered her all sorts of things for her little one, from an old jack-knife to a pewter pot with a broken handle. Some of the employees of the place finally gave her food for herself and child, and last night, when a reporter visited the Garden both were huddled asleep on the floor, forgotten of their destitute misery. They will probably be sent back to Poland.

"Pill tell you of another curious case which came in about two months ago," said an officer. "A young German couple came in, carrying three huge pieces of chamber crockery, which they had brought with them all the way from home. Some ignorant people come here with the idea that such necessities can't be bought in America. They sold all three articles for \$1.50, which with another silver dollar, was all they had in the world. No sooner had they got to a room in a lodging-house near by than the foolish fellow went out and spent all but ten cents of it for a pistol. Some one told him he would need it to shoot the savages in this wild and uncivilized country. The couple lived on that ten cents for three days. How they did it I don't know. When the landlord went for his rent, of course the poor fellow couldn't pay him. They were on the point of being turned into the street, when the wife suggested to her husband that as he had no money he might offer the pistol. The landlord did not understand German, and was ignorant of what was said.

"We wonder during the fight why the Corans offered such opposition. Their action was explained by a document we found in the fortification. The document was from the emperor of Coras to his subjects. He told them that if they failed to kill us and ran away he would kill them after the fight was over."

**A Fight with the Corans.**

[Washington Cor. Chicago News.]

I was talking with Commodore Schley the other day in relation to his fight with the Corans fifteen years ago, when Rear-Admiral Rogers, in command of the Asiatic squadron, went to Cora to get an explanation from Coran officials for the destruction of the American schooner Sherman in 1860. He said: "Two men of the navy and myself were the first to get over the fortification, behind which the Corans were fighting. No sooner had we got within the fortification than both the man, who stood on each side of me, fell dead. For the first time in my life I heard the music of bullets. Music rules creation."

But when a bullet sings through the air, So close to man's head That it raises his hair,

To enjoy it requires a taste that is rare, And a certain amount of cultivation."

I assure you I heard the ugly thud of bullets as they struck the bodies of men and knocked them lifeless. I stood alone before those Corans. It seemed to me the time was an hour, but it was only a few seconds. At first I thought I would run, but I concluded to die, if I had to die at all, by being shot in front. But our forces came rapidly. When they saw the predicament in which I was placed, they surrounded me to protect me. The fight did not last long. Our forces were so superior that they soon drove the enemy away. Scared! I have never been so scared in my life. If I had never afterward seen the Coran who killed the man at my right I would have taken my oath that he was eight feet tall. I recognized him among the dead after the fight was over. He was not over five feet six.

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**A Song Writer's Happy Hit.**

[Philadelphia Press.]

An amusing incident tells us how the author of that specific modern hit, "Hush, Little Baby, Don't You Cry," hit upon the peculiar lines for his work. The author, Mr. M. H. Rosenfeld, while passing through the labyrinthine precincts of a southern fruit market at Charleston, S. C., some years ago was attracted to a burly negro upon whose lap a negro infant lay screaming. Seeing that the efforts of the mother to soothe her precious burden were in vain, the author paused a moment, carelessly saying to the youngster, "Hush, little baby, you'll be an angel bye-and-bye." From some inexplicable cause, whether from surprise or from added gaiety (Mr. Rosenfeld is a tall, lank individual with flowing locks a la Wilde), or whether from the sound of a strange voice, the black pickaninny immediately ceased its frantic career and stared wonderingly at the passing writer, who hastened home, and, with the enthusiasm of inspiration, wrote that now famous composition. The publishers have quaintly reproduced the face of the baby on the frontispiece, and Lotta is singing the song.

**One of Greece's Traditions.**

[Exchange.]

It is interesting to know that one at least of the best traditions of classical Greece has lasted down to these latter days. This is the readiness of rich citizens to perform public services at their private expense.

The University of Athens boasts an endowment at this moment of more than \$12,000,000. There is a hospital at Athens, too, entertaining more than 100 aged brothers, which was founded by a single wealthy Greek citizen.

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## A SINGULAR AUCTION.

A MOTHER TRIES TO SELL HER BABY.

The Polish Woman Who, Suffering From Hunger, Was Unable to Feed Her Child, and So Bought a Purse-chaser for It.

[N. Y. Tribune.]

Among a crowd of nearly two hundred miserable and hungry-looking immigrants who were aroused from their hard beds on the floor of Castle Garden yesterday morning was a poor Polish woman with an infant in arms. After vain attempts to quiet her hungry child the poor mother begged for a crust from some of those around her. An Englishwoman divided what food she had with the child, and for a while it slept again in contentment.

The woman's name was Josephine Stelowski. She swarmed into Castle Garden with a multitude of other immigrants as poor as herself, about two weeks ago. She had very little money, and positively no knowledge of the English language, but she started out alone to look for employment. Saturday morning she came back again, poorer than ever, tired, hungry and discouraged. She went away with a warm cloak and good shoes. She came back with neither. She would not admit it, but the interpreter felt convinced that she had sold them for bread.

All day Saturday and until yesterday breakfast time the woman begged enough for her child, but she never ate a mouthful herself. About noon the child grew hungry again, and cried for more food. The poor woman was in despair, as she did not know that if she would apply to the officials she would receive assistance.

Larger Corps of Instructors than any Female College in the State. Buildings new and appointments unexcelled. Terms reasonable. Next session commences August 31st, 1885.

For further information, address MORRIS EVANS, D. P., Pres.

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